

## Ken and Vanessa Have Sex

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/21124334) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/21124334>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Rape/Non-Con</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a> , <a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Bee Movie (2007)</a> , <a href="#">Megamind (2010)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Barry Benson/Vanessa Bloome</a> , <a href="#">Ken Bloome/Hal Stewart</a> , <a href="#">Vanessa Bloome/Ken</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Ken (Bee Movie)</a> , <a href="#">Vanessa Bloome</a> , <a href="#">Hal Stewart   Titan</a> , <a href="#">Barry Benson</a>
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Stats:	Published: 2019-10-21 Words: 6386

## Ken and Vanessa Have Sex

by [xandermartin98](#)

### Summary

Barry goes inside Ken's brain and makes him engage in disgustingly over-the-top sexual intercourse with Vanessa, much to his boyfriend's chagrin.

### VANESSA'S PRIVATE NIGHT WITH KEN

Late one rather deceptively peaceful and unassuming night in New York City, Ken had just gotten back to his ex-girlfriend Vanessa's apartment and was completely exhausted, red in the face and gasping for breath...much to Vanessa's unpleasant surprise when she looked up from her dishwashing duties in the kitchen and saw him shambling through the living room like a zombie.

"Oh my god, Kenny, you poor thing...tell me, who did you get in a fight with THIS time?" Vanessa ran over to Ken and asked him worriedly, hugging him lovingly and giving him a remarkably bittersweet kiss on the cheek as she did so.

"No no, that's not what happened at ALL!" Ken humiliatedly corrected her, waving his hands nervously at her. "What happened was that my tennis instructor told me to run all the way back home on foot after tonight's evening lesson on...well, footwork, and so now, as you can probably imagine, I'm pretty much COMPLETELY tuckered out as a result!" Ken explained, dramatically wiping the sweat off of his forehead with the back of his right hand while Vanessa lovingly smirked at his expense in response.

"WOW...well then, since you're clearly just DYING to go to bed now, would you mind if I gave you...umm...s-say, like a...(blush)...foot massage or something?" Vanessa embarrassedly and reluctantly asked Ken, causing him to drunkenly mumble the words "yeah, sure" in response while Barry B. Benson (who had been unwelcomely stowed away in one of Vanessa's front pants pockets for quite some time at that point) pulled out an invisibility potion from HIS pocket, drank it in one big hearty gulp, then quietly came sneaking out up Vanessa's torso, clambered his way across one of her lovingly Ken-cradling arms, and then finally flew directly into the blissfully unaware womanizing meathead's left ear while Vanessa irritatedly dragged him over into her bedroom and laid him as gently as could be on her lovely, ever-so-cushiony queen-sized bed, where he immediately fell asleep face-down, backward and fully clothed on the bed.

"Damn, he really is AWFULLY tuckered out, isn't he? Oh boy, looks like this is the perfect opportunity for me to get a good old whiff'n'taste of those scrumptiously massive tennis-boy TOOTSIES of his, ain't it?" Vanessa thought mischievously to herself, grinning maliciously and rubbing her hands together like a dirty little fly while Barry begrudgingly made his way through Ken's inner ear and finally reached his surprisingly good-sized (wrinkly, fleshy, spongy, veiny) little brain, which he then proceeded to immediately crawl straight into and sneakily take control over the owner of (Ken, obviously) via the central nervous supercomputer lodged into the frontmost inner portion of his frontal lobe.

"I know I really shouldn't be doing this, but god DAMN, I can literally smell those stinky, sweaty feet all the way through his freaking big-ass tennis sneakers from several FEET away; OH DEAR GOD, YUM!" Vanessa whispered excitedly to herself, erotically panting and drooling at the mouth and lasciviously licking her lips at the mere thought of it as she slowly and quietly tiptoed her way over to where her adorable hunk of an ex-boyfriend was now ever-so-obliviously lying sound asleep on the bed, with her arms outstretched in front of her in a profoundly zombie-like fashion while her fingers maliciously wiggled like those of...well...how do I say this without blatantly stating the obvious...(sigh)...a complete and utter pervert. By the way, did I mention that the wine that Ken had gluttonously guzzled down at an unfortunately nondescript local bar about half an hour before the events depicted in this story was secretly laced with sleeping pills?

"Alright, so first, we take off his pretty little shoes..." Vanessa whispered nervously to herself, glancing rapidly back and forth to make sure that no one else (besides the complete degenerate perverts managing the security camera monitor room down in the basement of the apartment building, that is) was watching as she gently grabbed each of Ken's shoes by the heel with both hands and slowly, carefully slipped them right off one after the other, revealing his exceptionally smooth white (and reeking, and almost-greenish yellowed from sweat buildup) socks.

"NEXT, WE JUST...JUST...OH SWEET REEKING HEAVENS, THESE SOLES...DEAR LORD, THE TEMPTATION...I MUST RESIST...I...MUST...RESIST...ah, fuck it, no one's watching me do this anyway, so who cares?!" Vanessa smugly laughed underneath her breath as she grabbed Ken's socks by the toe ends and cleanly yanked them right off, revealing his big, juicy, sweaty, glistening, reeking, silky-smooth, five-toed, sparkly-toenailed, gorgeously wrinkled and creased, adorably thick and meaty tennis player soles as he began involuntarily wiggling his sexy little chad toes, being an absolutely shameless tease without even knowing it while Vanessa held his stinky, sweaty socks right up against her nose and inhaled so deeply that the stench particles emanating from said footwear rapidly traveled all the way up her nostrils and went straight into the numerous pleasure centers of her brain, causing her to moan arousedly and gently, briefly begin fingering herself as a result.

"OH yeah, you folks reading this shit DAMNED better believe that if nothing else, THIS shit right here is most DEFINITELY my fetish!" Barry smugly joked in his hilariously out-of-place, flat-out ridiculously embarrassing Jerry Seinfeld voice as he eagerly sprang upright in his seat (much like

his penis at that particular moment) and used his ever-so-disgustingly-grubby little hands to operate Ken's manual brain controls with immense ease.

"OHH...OOH, YES...WAIT, WHAT THE HELL?! OH PLEASE, I CAN EXPLAIN, I CAN EXPLAIN!" Vanessa moaned and purred adorably with pleasure as she knelt down right in front of Ken and began intensely worshipping his ever-so-weirdly cute and sexy feet, then suddenly doubled over backward and covered her mouth humiliatedly with both hands in absolute shock as the smarmy douche suddenly woke right back up...only not quite, as Vanessa could already very clearly see that both of the poor dude's eyes were still closed rather tightly.

"Oh dear sweet Sonny Christ, it's like a dream CUM true...Vanessa's here to FINALLY let me have one last session of sex with her, once and for all..." Ken gasped and began rapidly panting in highly aroused surprise, drooling at the mouth, eagerly tossing his clothes right off and stripping himself completely buck-naked from head to wiggly little toes while Vanessa also somewhat reluctantly stripped herself naked as well.

"Leave it to Vanny..." Vanessa erotically whispered to Ken as he playfully teased her with his soft, sweaty, wrinkly soles, curling his toes and scrunching them with glee as his crazy-ass ex-girlfriend began sluttily licking them up and down from the heels to the toes and everything in between, causing Ken to loudly sigh and moan with sensual relief.

"Yeah, suck 'em like how you would suck a queen bee's teats if you ever got the chance! Now THAT right there is EXACTLY what I'm talking about if you ask me!" Ken chuckled dominantly as Vanessa reluctantly, embarrassedly lived up to her nickname and wholesomely jammed Ken's big, sexy tootsies into her mouth one after the other, sucking and sucking and sucking on his long, fleshy toes with a sort of orgasmic intensity that was usually rarely seen outside of her world-renowned five-dollar blowjobs.

"OOH...so this is what it feels like when two of the most beloved and successful celebrities in New York City collide in such a wonderfully erotic manner as this..." Vanessa excitedly moaned with pleasure as she tightly squeezed Ken's adorably soft and squishy (yet massive) little feet with her bright-red-painted-fingernailed hands, kneaded her thumbs deeply into his marble-smooth soles and arches, and forcefully brushed her fingers over the bony, veiny tops of his big bare feet, smearing her ooey-gooey, brightly glistening saliva all over them and thus giving them a beautiful spit-shine in the process while Ken then proceeded to grab her head by the hair-concealed hinges on the back of it (well, after he was finally done giggling and fidgeting about from how much Vanessa's luxuriously pampering treatment of his mouthwateringly gorgeous tootsies tickled, that is) and flip its top right open, revealing her lovely, lovely little brain in all of its spongy, convulsing, pulsating glory.

"The inner machinations of my mind seem to be going through some rather...mmm, how do I put it...INTERESTING neural fluctuations right now..." Vanessa moaned and sighed with immensely relieved delight, summoning her iPhone right out of thin air and then excitedly browsing her way through her recent Twitter feed on it in order to artificially stimulate the incredibly intricate and rather underestimatedly complex inner workings of her brain while Ken was busy lovingly massaging and squeezing it with his ever-so-wonderfully dextrous hands, rubbing his pungently dirty, nasty and sweaty feet all over it, and even passionately licking it all over with his slimy, dripping, sopping-wet tongue.

"Man, talk about me giving you a freaking HEADACHE!" Ken merrily laughed and snorted like the disgusting misogynistic pig that Tumblr would most likely later end up (rather surprisingly) correctly accusing him of being as he ever-so-eagerly began thrusting his already-rapidly-hardening erection directly into Vanessa's cerebral cortex, feeling the orgasmically delicate

sensation of her wrinkly nervous tissue squishing and sliding disgustingly against his rock-hard, violently throbbing shaft, until finally...

"DO YOU BELIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEVE IN LIFE AFTER LOVE?!" Ken shrieked in unbelievably intense orgasmic pain as the massive sperm-stream that he had just violently ejaculated from his penis at full throttle ended up conducting the electricity from Vanessa's brain in addition to the massive amount of static that was already being conducted through his body hair, causing all of his hair to stand up straight on end and frying him into a neatly, cartoonishly charred living crisp...and also seeping its way deep into a certain rather strictly forbidden sub-network of neural pathways that controlled Vanessa's sex drive, causing said libido to officially go COMPLETELY out of control!

"Oh sweet JAYEEZUS, this is going to be so much fun..." Barry excitedly whispered and moaned to himself, setting Ken's brain to autopilot, kicking back lazily in his chair, crossing his legs ever-so-lovably smugly, and grabbing his firmly erect dick tightly with not one but BOTH of his hands while Ken and Vanessa made only the absolute sugary-sweetest of sweet, sweet love to each other.

"Hey, Kenny, remember that time when you told me that size wasn't everything?" Vanessa asked her lovely ex-boyfriend curiously, cocking an eyebrow inquisitively at him as she spoke.

"Um...yes?" Ken nervously replied, already beginning to noticeably tremble in fear.

"Also, do you remember that ONE time in particular when you drunkenly attempted to beat me to death just because I had dumped you in favor of Barry, you freaking DICKWAD?!" Vanessa raised her voice furiously at Ken, tackling him face-up onto the bed and threatening to brutally slug him right in the face if he didn't finally look up to meet her GAZE for once rather than her big, dangling boobs.

"UM...Y-Y-YES?!" Ken stammered in terror, his entire body quaking in cowardly bed-pissing fear...yes, believe it or not, he actually LITERALLY wet the bed, making Vanessa even more unsettlingly furious as a result.

"Alright, THAT'S it, DOG-piss-for-brains, you've officially pushed me to the absolute LIMIT...of my stinking BDSM fetish, that is!" Vanessa laughed uproariously as she swiftly grabbed Ken right by the neck with both hands and forcefully yanked him face-first into her dainty, sexy little soles.

"Oh god, Vanessa, why must you ALWAYS do this to me? What did I ever do to YOU?!" Ken pathetically whimpered and sobbed as he submissively groveled beneath Vanessa and rigorously licked her feet until every last square inch of them was sparkling-clean enough to almost literally show his reflection.

"Oh, I dunno, YOU tell ME! Preferably after you're done sucking my lovely little TOES like you fucking suck your new boyfriend's goddamned DICK every OTHER night, you little shithead!" Vanessa roared lividly at Ken as she summoned a bondage whip right out of thin air and began angrily flogging him with it while he ever-so-humiliatedly continued worshipping her feet, sucking her gorgeous rosy-red-painted toes like rainbow-colored lollipops and crying bittersweet tears of both pleasure and immense pain all the while.

"I...I really do STILL deserve this for what I did to you all of those long and hard weeks ago after all, don't I..." Ken depressedly sighed as Vanessa forcefully pressed her reeking, filthy feet and squirming toes deeply into his helplessly, hopelessly, adorably writhing and squirming little muscle-headed douchebag face, creating an even more noticable PHYSICAL depression in the mattress.

MEANWHILE, DEEP INSIDE KEN'S HEAD...

"Mmm, what an astonishingly well-put-together thinking muscle he's got here!" Barry moaned and blushed with delight as he finally finished crawling around all over the exterior of Ken's brain, positioned himself directly above his limbic system, took a page or two from the poor guy's very recently rewritten book and began forcefully...ahem...PLUGGING himself into his brain while Vanessa was busy erotically trampling him with her incredibly beautiful feet.

"OH...OHHHHHH...OHHHHHHHH, SWEET STEVIE WONDER ON A UNICYCLE, THAT FELT SO GODDAMNED MINDFUCKINGLY AMAZING..." Barry moaned orgasmically, drooling intensely at the mouth as he fiercely ejaculated his hypnotically powerful bee pheromones directly into the sexual-desire-regulation areas of Ken's brain, then ever-so-excitedly squeezed his way back into said brain and ever-so-gleefully swung and leapt for joy on the vast, jungle-like network of neural transmission cords contained within its interior.

"Let's get JAZZY, shall we?" Barry playfully snickered as he finally landed right back in his seat and crossed his ever-so-spindly little legs at Ken's manual control center yet again, still looking every bit as handsomely smug and mischievous as ever as Ken's innermost desire to fuck Vanessa like a rented mule suddenly went COMPLETELY off the rails on a crazy train!

"Mmm...you know what? GET OUT YOUR DILDO, CAUSE I'M JUST ABOUT READY TO FUCK YOU LIKE A RENTED MULE, WOMAN!" Ken laughed maniacally as he furiously pushed Vanessa's domineering foot off of his face with all of his might, reached underneath the bed and pulled out Vanessa's dearly treasured Barry-shaped dildo (that she had won about two years ago as a reward for making over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of moolah within about the first month or so of her prostitution career) so that he could then proceed to ever-so-forcefully strap said dildo right onto her crotch, causing her to flatteredly blush from cheek to cheek all the more due to her clearly mind-control-induced uber-tsundere mental state at the moment as Ken eagerly got down onto his hands and knees and teasingly shook his ass at her, erotically spanking himself all the while just to shamelessly tease her even more.

"So, Vanessa...whaddaya THINK? Would you like to do me DOGGY-style? Maybe even play FIREFIGHTER with my phallic HOSE? What'll it be, you adorable little SLUT?" Ken seductively asked Vanessa, panting and drooling intensely with delight while his crazy ex-girlfriend did much of the same.

"Jesus Christ, brother, look who's freaking TALKING! Can anyone say HYPOCRITE?" Vanessa snidely chuckled as she tightly hugged Ken from the back with her ever-so-warmly loving arms and began playfully ramming her dildo right into his lovely, blisteringly tight little asshole, causing him to testosterone-chargedly growl and roar with arousal.

"Say...speaking of hippos, did anyone ever tell you how WONDERFULLY big and beautiful of an ass you just so happen to have? AHH, just like your equally sexy and adorable feet!" Vanessa continued laughing, moaning and bleating in a somehow INCREASINGLY orgasmic manner as she filled Ken's butt with her love.

"Wow, Vanessa, I genuinely didn't realize that you were THIS madly in love with me! Jesus, what the hell's gotten INTO you?" Ken embarrassedly gasped and blushed in shock as Vanessa proudly began licking his ass cheeks, then inserted her tongue deeply into his butthole and began fervently passing her wet, sloppy tongue over the INSIDE of it, joyfully admiring the sheer amount of cum that she had just violently squirted into it while Ken continued moaning with orgasmic pleasure.

"Again, how should I know, big boy? You tell ME what the hell's gotten into YOU, ya cheeky little bastard!" Vanessa laughed as she herself got down on her hands and knees and invitingly

welcomed Ken to come over and slide his ACTUAL penis down HER asshole as well.

"Looks like I really HAVE planted one hell of a seed in this poor man's mind after all..." Barry dejectedly sighed, blushing increasingly regretfully in the process as Ken began ever-so-intensely-and-passionately buttfucking Vanessa to kingdom cum.

"Yeah, THAT'S right! Your semen is in my MIND!" Vanessa valiantly yelled as the fleshy, meaty shaft of Ken's gloriously long and stiffened tennis-player penis began viciously, savagely grinding and sliding against her deliciously soft, tender and oh-so-squishy rectal tissue.

"LEAVE IT TO...KENNEEETH!" Ken orgasmically screamed at the tops of his lungs as he squirted almost half a cup of tasty, tasty man sperm into Vanessa's anus, then reluctantly, shamefully retracted his still-dripping erection from said anus, lowered his face down into it and began lovingly, erotically licking his own sperm right out of it with his moist, slobbery tongue.

"Drink it in, pal, cause this is most definitely one HELL of a MORAL DEGENERACY taste right here if I EVER watched you taste one!" Vanessa snidely joked at Ken's expense, looking eagerly behind herself and patting him lovingly on the head with her feet as he sassily spanked her brightly blushing, rosy-red ass with delight.

"Oh DEAR, what are you doing NOW, you adorable little SCAMP?" Vanessa gasped and blushed intensely with surprise as Ken flopped down onto his belly, crawled right up in-between her temptingly outstretched legs and began frantically, senselessly jamming his penis straight into her tight, soggy, surprisingly flexible florist pussy as if it were his aforementioned new boyfriend's mouth.

"Vanessa, I love you so much that I honestly don't even know what to say...well, that is, besides LET'S MAKE BABIES TOGETHER AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!" Ken laughed maniacally, closing his eyes and briefly ascending into an almost-supernatural Zen state as he imagined that his...rather morally questionable (to say the least) new sexual adultery escapade with Vanessa actually was, in fact, literally the so-called Big Bang that procreated the universe as we know it today.

"BAA-HA-HA-HA-HA! Goddamnit, Ken, you just officially brought out the filthy ANIMAL in me!" Vanessa angrily scolded Ken, blushing embarrassedly as she continued moaning, purring and bleating with arousal while Ken continued pounding her pussy all the way into its uterus with his meaty, veiny, audibly throbbing member, until finally...finally...FINALLY...

"OHHHHHHHH MY GODDDDDDD!" Ken and Vanessa both simultaneously, collectively screamed at the tops of their lungs with pleasure as the former cummed so hard and so plentifully into the latter's birth canal that said cum actually began (rather plentifully) oozing and dripping right back out onto his cock.

"Gee WHIZ, Kenny; don't you think that maybe, just MAYBE, you MIGHT be taking this shit just a LITTLE bit too far?!" Vanessa turned her nose up and nearly retched in secretly aroused disgust as Ken grabbed her beautifully long and slender, maleficently curved and outstretched bare legs, lowered his head straight down into her vaginal opening and began playfully licking the inside of her vagina like a dog (in laymen's terms, eating her right the fuck out).

"Aw, but this tastes so DELIGHTFULLY sweet and satisfying; honestly, sweetie, why would I EVER want to stop something this enjoyable? I want you and me to be together FOREVER, girl! I'm talking about NO getting tired, woman!" Ken began rambling derangedly while Vanessa regretfully looked away from him and humiliatedly blushed from a certain increasingly palpable self-awareness (that Ken was very clearly lacking) of just how incredibly awkward her newfound

sexual predicament really was.

"That's what they ALL say..." Vanessa shamefully sighed, stroking her beautifully ladylike brown hair with her lustrously-bright-red-nail-polished fingers and involuntarily moaning with arousal as Ken made her cum yet again from how astonishingly hard he had just been licking her vagina.

"Alright, so anyway, whaddaya wanna do next, sweetheart?" Ken eagerly asked Vanessa, finally retracting his wet, soggy, female-ejaculate-dripping face from her vagina and bouncing happily on the bed with excitement as Vanessa extended out her long, thin and shiny legs directly toward him and then teasingly wiggled her beautiful, ever-so-delightfully-curvy-and-sculpture-like feet and toes right in his easily impressionable, adorably handsome and masculine face, causing him to pop an instant boner and blush intensely with surprise as she then suddenly lowered them down onto the bed and placed the left one of them right atop his veiny, throbbing, firmly erect tennis-player dick!

"Wow, how UTTERLY humiliating...should I...do you think perhaps I oughta return the favor to you with my OWN sexy little five-toed feet?" Ken hung his head in absolute shame and increasingly dejectedly asked Vanessa, causing her dildo to suddenly instantaneously harden into an almost literally diamond-like state of sheer hardness just from the mere passing thought of such a thing.

"Um...s-sure, why not? I mean, w-whatever m-makes y-you h-happy, I s-suppose..." Vanessa rather shyly fidgeted and stammered, twiddling her fingers and wiggling her surprisingly long and flexible toes adorably as Ken gently wrapped his equally long and flexible little toes around the tough, rubbery torso-shaft of Vanessa's Barry dildo and began slowly but steadily stroking it up and down while Vanessa wrapped her own gleamingly painted toes around Ken's REAL shaft, feeling its veiny, throbbing pulse against the tips of her soles as the footfucking finally began.

"OH, Vanessa...what would my purpose in life ever be without you?" Ken ecstatically moaned with arousal as Vanessa's luxuriously glimmering toes began ever-so-rapidly working his shaft up and down; honestly, he already felt like his dick was just about ready to explode and violently spray gratuitous oodles of noodles of delicious cum all over the goddamned place (like a fire hydrant spraying water, for lack of a more comedically fitting metaphor to describe it) yet again.

"Eh...probably mediocre and forgettable at best when you look past all of the hype surrounding it, just like this movie in and of itself..." Vanessa smarmily chuckled and moaned with delight as Ken's pungently dirty and sweaty tennis-player toes playfully stretched her dildo up and down like Silly Putty, coating it in their slimy, grungy filth from bulky tip to stringy base and causing her face to redden with increasingly humiliated arousal from the knowledge of just HOW long (several months, to be exact) she had already very clearly been doing this with him, as was evidenced by how undeniably gracefully and thoroughly the two of them were fucking each other literally from head to toe on that otherwise rather peaceful and unassuming night in New York City.

"Try saying that to how unbelievably handsome and masculine my FACE is, babe!" Ken laughed even harder as Vanessa's feet began stroking his cock up and down even faster than before.

"Alright, listen up, pal; I'm giving you approximately TEN SECONDS to sincerely take that statement back and finally ADMIT once and for all that I'm cuter than you! Trust me, you'll know that time's up when your dick completely EXPLODES all over my lovely sexy feet, so get to work swallowing your pride before you end up having to swallow your own freaking CUM instead, you big old dickhead!" Vanessa teasingly laughed as she and Ken ecstatically increased the speed and force of their footjobs to maximum capacity and then eagerly began counting their way down to blastoff.

"TEN..." Vanessa breathed out a huge puff of steaming-hot air and began feverishly sweating as her panting, drooling face began to contort into all kinds of grotesquely aroused expressions from how astonishingly hard Ken's feet were fucking her dildo while Ken did much of the same.

"NINE..." Ken moaned, daydreaming disgustingly passionately and awkwardly about guzzling down a whole concentrated bucket of Vanessa's foot sweat while Vanessa similarly dreamt about drinking Ken's in very much the exact same gluttonous, disgusting, horribly written and generally carcinogenic manner.

"EIGHT..." Vanessa panted, drooled and moaned as the two of them tightened their grips.

"SEVEN..." Ken also panted, drooled and moaned with excitement as he suddenly realized EXACTLY what Vanessa's so-called "punishment" was actually most likely going to be in reality.

"SIX..." Vanessa snidely chuckled as she used her right foot to teasingly heel Ken right in the gonads, causing him to whimper and moan in both pain and extreme arousal as the end finally neared.

"FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...ONE..." Ken and Vanessa both began ominously counting down as their feet began to progressively make each other's penises more and more unbearably excited, until finally...FINALLY...

"OHHHH, YEAHHH! Dear God, we're making such a hot, sticky MESS of ourselves!" Ken and Vanessa sluttilly giggled and teased each other as they both egregiously sprayed rather generous (to say the least) portions of beautiful, shimmering cum all over each other's gorgeous, naked bodies...or more specifically, the orgasmically soft and sexy feet OF said naked bodies.

"Vanessa, for God's sake, I'm begging you; PLEASE do not EVER tell my new boyfriend about this!" Ken pathetically begged Vanessa, groveling pitifully beneath her and slavishly licking his own semen right off of her glistening, finely creased and wrinkled bare soles while she just merely crossed her arms over her chest and smirked with ever-so-wonderfully-female-dominant amusement at the mere sight of it.

"Ken, for crying out loud; if you weren't such a goddamned sniveling little FAGGOT, we would probably already be an official PORN COUPLE by now!" Vanessa began maniacally laughing and crying as she herself reached in with her own almost-equally-rabidly-drooling tongue and began cleaning HER own gooey, slimy GIRL cum right off of KEN'S scrumptiously sexy bare soles.

"WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA, for fuck's sake, just CAN it already, Vanessa! You're talking CRAZY!" Ken did the jazz hands and loudly gasped in shock while Vanessa gave him a complimentary smooch right on the ball of each one of his tantalizingly smooth and moist tennis-player tootsies.

"Well yeah, because after all, crazy KIND OF IS what I am, don't ya think?" Vanessa ever-so-teasingly asked (poor, POOR) Ken as he...yes, HE HIMSELF...kissed the bee-fucking whore's bare, wiggling feet (yes, with his wet, sloppy lips).

"Alright, Vanessa, just one more thing before we go to sleep...what'll it be?" Ken ever-so-adorably-curiously asked Vanessa as the crazy bitch jumped straight into her bed, pulled the covers over herself and teasingly beckoned with her middle finger (still panting, drooling and blushing every bit as intensely as ever all the while, no less) for Ken to hop right in and get down under and dirty with her.

"Take a WILD guess, buddy!" Vanessa ever-so-mischievously snickered as Ken ecstatically leapt



into the air, performed a stunningly graceful swan dive straight into the covers and then VERY unhesitantly got right down to business, as if the two of them hadn't done enough naughty and kinky shit with each other already...aw, who am I kidding, it's NEVER enough for you sick nasty fucks, IS IT?!

"Oh, Vanessa, how I absolutely freaking ADORE you..I mean, I obviously don't WANT to admit it to him, but even Hal Stewart ain't got shit on you...hell, even I MYSELF ain't got shit on you..." Ken reluctantly, shamefully admitted as he crawled underneath the bedsheets with Vanessa and began erotically making out with her to a quite frankly jaw-dropping extent that even her makeouts with her actual boyfriend (Barry, of course, thanks to the "grow" function of the hidden Megamind-patented grow/shrink gun in her bedside drawers) hardly EVER reached.

"Aw, shh shh, it's okay, it's alright...you don't need to worry about that, sweetheart, I've got you even more covered than these bedsheets could ever even HOPE to get you..." Vanessa loudly, warmly, moistly whispered and breathed into Ken's ear, flicking her inexplicably size-and-length-adjustable tongue deep inside it, licking the wax right out of his ear canal and even getting herself a nice, bony little taste of his eardrum, then finally taking it all the way through the inner ear into his brain, passing it right along said diligently throbbing and pulsating brain's wrinkly, fleshy surface and lovingly, meticulously, orally stimulating every last one of its external pleasure centers, coating the whole damned thing in her ever-so-delightfully-warm-and-gooney-and-sticky saliva while Ken did much of the same to her (and also while Barry was busy lovingly licking, worshipping and crawling around on the even more frightfully delicate INSIDE of his poor, blissfully unaware little brain, no less).

"MAN, if this wonderfully soft, wrinkly, easily manipulated and spacious little BRAIN of his ain't the PERFECT place for me to secretly lay me some of those good old-fashioned eggs o' mine while he ain't looking, then I honestly don't know WHAT is!" Barry sadistically laughed, barefootedly sneaking his way through the truly fascinating jungle gym of nerve connection wires contained within Ken's brain until he finally reached the poor guy's hypothalamus (in laymen's terms, one of THE most immensely important, delicate and fragile parts of his central nervous system), at which point he stripped himself even more naked than he already was (in other words, removed his contact lenses), internally set his penis to egg-laying mode, then finally began gently yet passionately thrusting it directly into Ken's...well, whatever the fuck a hypothalamus is supposed to be, it would probably be best NOT to ask in this case.

(HINT: It's connected directly to the pituitary gland, which regulates hormone production.)

"You know that certain feeling that you get when you suddenly almost instantaneously KNOW for a fact that you've officially met the girl of your dreams? Well, some people might dismiss that as nothing more than just plain old puppy love, but YOU, my dear friend, have OFFICIALLY proven them wrong, and I absolutely HATE to freaking love you so goddamned much for it, but I just simply cannot HELP myself!" Ken began moaning and gasping for dear life from how ridiculously aroused he was, with Barry having once again kicked his sexual hormones into COMPLETE overdrive from within as he and Vanessa warmly huddled themselves together, teasingly felt around all over each other's cute and sexy bodies and began wetly, sloppily, drippingly french-kissing each other.

"HA! See, what did I tell you? FUCK your stupid boyfriend! I'm the only sex partner you are EVER going to need, not to mention the only actually COMPETENT sex partner that you are ever going to GET!" Vanessa dementedly laughed and sobbed, unable to fight back against her completely overpowering primal urges as she and Ken lovingly curled themselves right up together into the immensely iconic 69 position and lovingly sucked each other's dicks with a true passion that only the absolute closest of lifelong friends could truly deliver to each other.

"Aww, but what would our REAL boyfriends say if they caught us doing this? Did you ever think about THAT, by any chance?" Ken rather worriedly (to say the least) asked Vanessa, crawling out from beneath the covers and nervously laying himself face-up on the mattress with his dick still proudly pointing straight up for the whole world to see as Vanessa ever-so-excitedly zeroed right in between his adorably muscular, exhaustedly splayed-out legs for the sexual kill of a lifetime (actually, no, make that TWO lifetimes).

"Shh, FORGET about that; you're MY adorable hunky sex slave from now on, and don't you EVER forget that!" Vanessa dominantly teased Ken, winking, sticking her tongue out at him and once again smugly shooting him the middle finger as she nakedly plopped herself face-down onto the bed right front of him, where her romantic gaze immediately met his with almost literally soul-piercing precision and depth, causing Ken to feel rather...taken aback, to put it lightly.

"Um, Vanessa? No offense, but I'm pretty sure that even MY big meaty dick can't take much more of this abuse...seriously, are you SURE it's not going to fall off at this point?" Ken asked Vanessa even more worriedly than before, covering his mouth and audibly wincing at the mere thought of what he had just described while Vanessa smugly reapplied her glittery pink lip gloss, leaned directly forward and placed the base of Ken's horse-cock-sized dick RIGHT in between her deliciously plump and juicy breasts.

"Come on, Kenny, RELAX; it's penis-sucking time! And this ain't just ANY kind of dick-sucking, mind you; oh no no no no, this shit right here is some seriously fucking ADVANCED cock-sucking if you ask me!" Vanessa jubilantly snickered at her increasingly terrified ex-boyfriend's expense as she reached out with her left hand and gently clasped her gorgeously nail-polished fingers around the veiny, throbbing midsection of Ken's shaft, feeling his pulse more so than ever before as she then proceeded to finally, last but most definitely not least, lower her glittery-hot-pink-lipped mouth straight down onto the lovely, lovely tip of Ken's scrumptiously meaty, still-firmly-erect cock and give him the ride of a lifetime.

"OOOOOH...OHHHHHHHH...AHHHHHHHH...OH GOD, WHAT IS THIS UNBEARABLY SATISFYING FEELING...I JUST...I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE...SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME..." Ken moaned with clearly unbearable pleasure and satisfaction, drooling at the mouth just as intensely and rabidly as ever and blushing bright rosy red from head to toe while Vanessa savagely, brutally worked the base of his shaft with her tits, the midsection with her hands, and the pretty little hole-bearing tip of it all with her mouth, teasing over his foreskin with her tongue and seductively glaring at him with her almost unsettlingly seductive and sparkly eyes sexily, teasingly half-shut all the while.

"Oh yeah, he's going to EXPLODE any second now...ANY second now...TEN...NINE...EIGHT...SEVEN...SIX...FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...ONE..." Vanessa began internally counting down to herself as she (both physically and spiritually) FELT her ex-boyfriend's penis growing progressively more intensely stiffened and aroused by the millisecond, until finally, FINALLY, the long-awaited finishing climax of today's story (not to mention Ken's penis) was officially reached!

"SWEET MERCIFUL JESUS ON THE HOOD OF A MERCEDES-BENZ, THAT FELT HEAVENLY!" Ken orgasmically shrieked at the tops of his ever-loving lungs, ejaculating SO much hot, sticky cum into Vanessa's mouth that the "poor girl's" digestive system literally could not even handle the sheer amount that she had just drank (nah, just kidding; the problem was actually mostly just that she was simply deepthroating his cock WAY too hard), reflexively forcing her to puke out a huge portion of it into her hands and then erotically smear it all over her naked body as bait for poor old Ken instead, with the remaining portion of it sluttishly dripping from her mouth all the while as she eagerly beckoned (with her middle finger, of course) for Ken to

FINALLY do the finishing honors.

"Let us NEVER speak of this again, good friend..." Vanessa exhaustedly sighed, reluctantly patting Ken on the head while the poor revolting cheater began mindlessly, slavishly licking Vanessa's buck-naked body spotlessly clean (of his OWN freaking semen, no less) from head to sexy little toes.

THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER VANESSA AND KEN HAD FALLEN ASLEEP...

"Hey, Ken, what's going on in here?" Ken's boyfriend Hal Stewart worriedly asked him (deliberately speaking too quietly for him or Vanessa to hear, just in case you were wondering) as he nervously walked into Vanessa's apartment (that she and Ken had accidentally left unlocked the previous night, of course).

"I've got a SURPRISE for you, ya know!" Hal increasingly worriedly whispered to himself, carrying a nice big bundle of Ken-love-signifying flowers (that he had presumably bought from Vanessa's flower shop while she had been busy taking her days off from working AT said flower shop) with both of his fat, greasy ginger hands as he quietly, sneakily and rather surprisingly carefully crept his way into the master bedroom, gently setting his flowers down into the floor and VERY worryingly noticing the huge, erotically moaning lump in Vanessa's bedsheets as he covered his eyes with one hand and reluctantly yanked Ken's and Vanessa's bedsheets right off with the other, revealing...Ken laying atop Vanessa's chest with his arms wrapped tightly around her, passionately and erotically sucking and lapping up the milk from her breasts?!

"OH MY FUCKING GOD, WHAT IN THE ACTUAL SEVEN NAMES OF HELL IS GOING ON IN HERE?!" Hal ear-splittingly shrieked in absolute horror as he saw the entire top of Vanessa's mattress soaked in sex-related bodily fluids, with Vanessa and her douchebag ex-boyfriend Ken laying together right in the midst of it.

"HOLY CRAP! UM, T-TRUST US, W-WE CAN EXPLAIN! I-IT'S NOT W-WHAT IT L-LOOKS LIKE!" Ken and Vanessa collapsed face-up onto the latter's bed and mortifiedly screamed in a fit of panic, backing up frantically against the bed's headboard and covering their breastmilk-speckled, buck-naked chests with their pillows in a pitiful attempt to hide what they had just been caught doing with each other. (The fact that their hair was also severely ruffled certainly didn't help matters either, just for the record.)

Too disgusted at this point to even say anything else, Hal simply looked straight down at the flower bundle that he had just recently bought as a gift for Ken, furiously stomped it into pieces, then finally proceeded to nonchalantly walk backward out of the apartment, loudly slamming its front door behind himself.

"Well, at least MY boyfriend didn't catch me in the act of doing this, I suppose..." Vanessa shrugged her shoulders and obviously sighed while Ken buried his head in his palms and sobbed like a baby, already knowing EXTREMELY well how much Hal Stewart now utterly despised him (and rather rightfully so, might I add).

"AIN'T I A STINKER?" Barry laughed and cried hysterically, clutching his chest with both hands and uncontrollably rolling back and forth on the floor of Ken's brain from how unbearably hard he WAS laughing at Ken's and Vanessa's overwhelmingly devastating expense as the screen finally faded to black Looney-Tunes style.

THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

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